Which 1400. yeares agoe were nailde,
For our aduantage on the bitter Crosse:
But this our purpose is twelue month old,
And bootles tis to tell you we will goe.
Therefore we meet not now: then let me heare
Of you my gentle Cosen *Westmerland*,
What yesternight our Counsell did decree,
In forwarding this deere expedience.

West. My Liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set downe
But yesternight, when all athwart there came
A Post from *Wales*, loaden with heauie newes;
Whose worst was, that the noble *Mortimer*,
Leading the men of *Herefordshire* to fight
Against the irregular and wilde *Glendower*,
Was by the rude hands of that Welchman taken,
A thousand of his people butchered:
Vpon whose dead corps there was such misuse,
Such beastly shameles transformation
By those Welch-women done, as may not be
Without much shame, retold or spoken of.

King. It seemes then that the tidings of this broile,
Brake off our busines for the Holy-land.

West. This matcht with other like my Gracious Lord,
Far more vneuen and vnwelcome newes,
Came from the North, and thus it did report:
On Holy-roode day, the gallant *Hotspur* there
Yong *Harry Percie*, and braue *Archibald*,
That euer valiant and approued *Scot*,
At *Holmedon* met, where they did spend
A sad and bloody houre:
As by discharge of their Artillarie,
And shape of likelihood the newes was told:
For he that brought them, in the very heate
And pride of their contention, did take Horse,
Vncertaine of the issue any way.

King. Here is a deare, and true industrious friend,
Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his Horse,

Stainde

Staindewith the variation of
Betwixt that *Holmedon*, and th
And he hath brought vs smo
The Earle of *Douglas* is disco
Ten thousand bold *Scots*, two
Balkt in their owne blood di
On *Holmedon* plaine: of prise
Mordake Earle of *Fife*, and el
To beaten *Douglas*, and the
Of *Murrey*, *Angus*, and *Me*
And is not this an honorabl
A gallant prize? Ha, Cosen
West. A Conquest for a P
King. Yea, there thou mak
In enuy, that my Lord *North*
Should be the Father of so b
A Sonne, who is the Theame
Amongst a Groue, the very
Who is sweet Fortunes Min
Whilst I by looking on the
See Ryot and dishonour stai
Of my yong *Harry*. O that
That some night-tripping *F*
In Cradle clothes, our child
And cal'd mine *Percy*, his *Pl*
Then would I haue his *Harr*
But let him from my though
Of this yong *Percies* pride?
Which he in this aduenture
To his owne vse he keepes, a
I shall haue none but *Morda*
West. This is his Vnckles
Maleuolent to you in all asp
Which makes him prune hi
The crest of Youth against
King. But I haue sent for
And for this cause a while we
Our holy purpose to *Ierusale*

A

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